Mowb. Each day ſtill better others happineſſe,
Vntill the Heauens enuying Earths good hap̃e,
Adde in immortall title to your Crowne.
King. Wee thanke you both: yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come;
Namely, to appeale each other of high treaſon.
Cooſin of Hereford, what doſt thou obiect
Againſt the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray?
Bul. Firſt (heauen be the record to my ſpeech)
In the deuotion of a ſubiectes loue,
Tendring the precious ſafetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appeallant to this princely preſence.
Now Thomas Mowbray, do I turne to thee;
And marke my greeting well: for what I ſpeake,
My body ſhall make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine ſoule anſwere it in heauen.
Thou art a Traytor, and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to liue:
Since the more faire and criſtall is the skie,
The vglier ſeeme the cloudes that in it flie.
Once more, the more to agrauate the note,
With a foule traytours name ſtuffe I thy throate,
And wiſh (ſo pleaſe my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong ſpeaks, my right drawne ſword may proue.
Mowb. Let not my cold wordes here accuſe my zeale,
Tis not the tryall of a Womans warre,
The bitter clamor of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hotte that muſt be coold for this,
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht and naught at all to ſay.
Firſt the faire reuerence of your highneſſe curbes me,
From giuing reynes and ſpurres to my free ſpeech,
Which elſe would poſt vntill it had returnd
These tearmes of treaſon doubled downe his throat;
Setting a ſide his high bloods royaltie:
And let him be no kinſman to my Leige,

I doe defie him, and ſpit at him;
Call him a ſlaunderous Coward and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him ods,
And meete him, were I tide to runne a foote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Engliſh man durſt ſet his foote.
Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes, moſt falſly doth he lie.
Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclayming here the kinred of a King,
And lay aſide my high bloods royaltie;
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.
If guiltie dread haue left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take vp mine honours pawne, then ſtoope:
By that, and all the rites of Knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee arme to arme,
What I haue ſpoke, or what thou canſt deuiſe.
Mow. I take it vp, and by that Sword I ſweare,
Which gently layde my Knighthood on my ſhoulder,
Ile anſwere thee in any faire degree:
Or chiualrous deſigne of Knightly tryall.
And when I mount aliue, aliue may I not light,
If I be Traitour, or vniuſtly fight.
King. What doth our Cooſin lay to Mowbraies charge?
It muſt be great that can inherite vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
Bul. Looke what I ſayd, my life ſhall prooue it true,
That Mowbray hath receiude eight thouſand Nobles,
In name of lendinges, for your Highneſſe Souldiours:
The which he hath detainde for leawd imployments,
Like a falſe Traytour, and iniurious Villaine.
Beſides I ſay, and will in battaile prooue,
Or here, or elſe where, to the furtheſt Verge
That euer was ſurueyed by Engliſh eye,
That all the treaſons for theſe eighteene yeares,
Complotted and contriued in this Land,
Fetcht from falſe Mowbray, their firſt head and ſpring:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22311) LONDON, 1608 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.506) Octavo